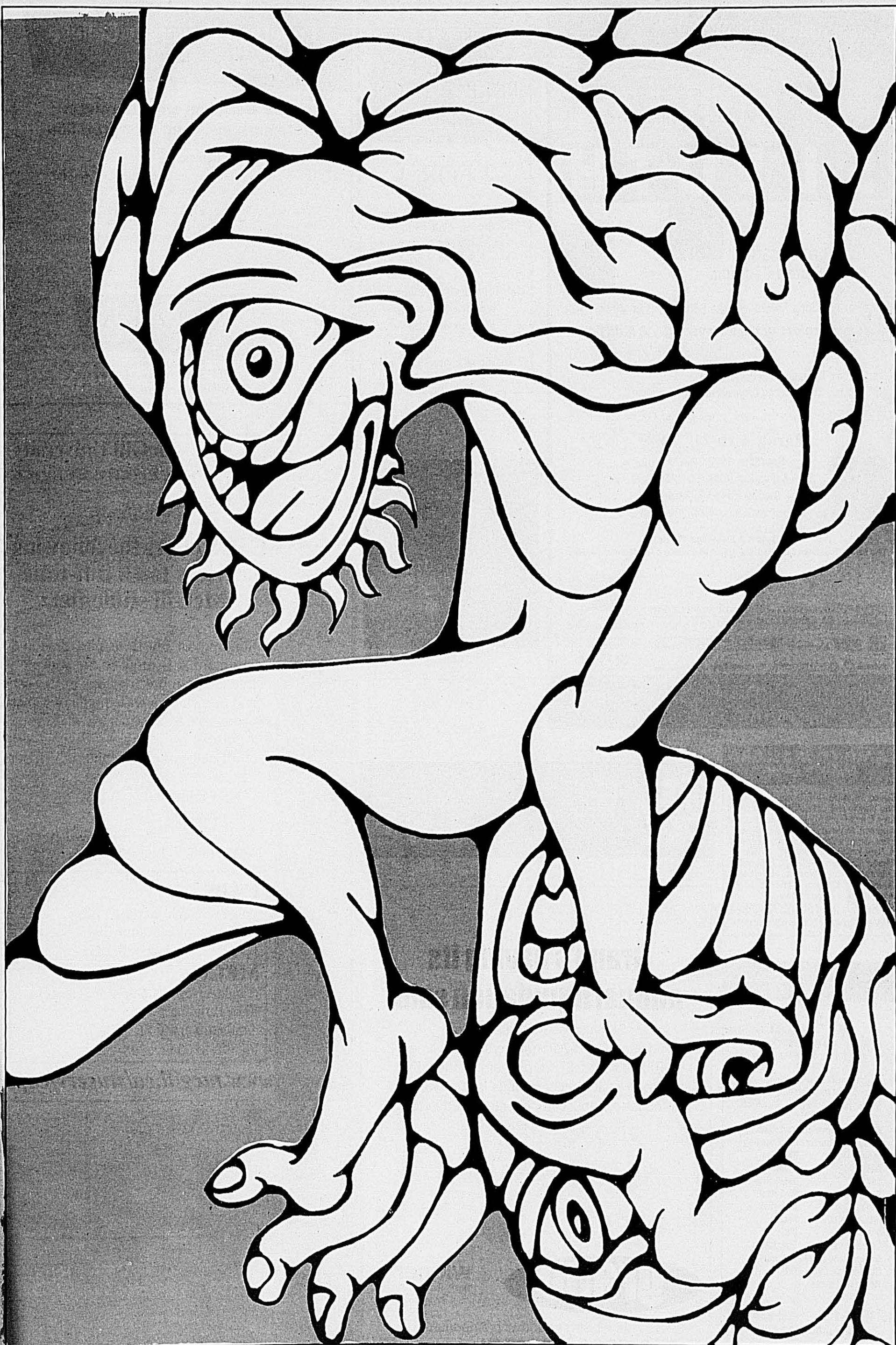




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Letter to the Editor

March 10, 1999

When The McGill Daily lives up to its ideals, there is no finer paper. One day hopefully all media will practice its principles of openness, tolerance, cooperativeness, and inclusiveness.

In regards to ethical and humanitarian advertising The Daily should never allow a company whose products cause million of people worldwide untold suffering and agonizing death to be in its issues.

David Sommer Rovins

The Daily welcomes any and all comment, criticism, and letters to the editor. Please drop off at our office in B-03 Shatner, or email us at daily@generation.net, or fax us at 398-8318. Letters should be no more than 300 words.

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Wanna write for The McGill Daily Culture? Don't know what to write or have a kick-ass idea?

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SINCE 1911

Erratum

The McGill Daily apologizes for the confusion in the March 8 Women's Issue people poll, *Men on Feminism*. Several photographs were labeled with the wrong names and quotes.

Questions:

1) Why do you think Special issues are necessary?

2) How would you define a feminist? How has feminism affected you?

3) What do you think is the most important issue for women today?

4) Do you think McGill has adequate female representation in the faculty, student population, societies, and clubs? Where else do you think there is equal representation?

quotes for Eric Craven, 1st Year Masters



ERIC CRAVEN

student, Library and Information Studies, should have read:

1) Yes, but not to the point where it generalizes the issue and makes polar input of distinction that actually generalize the issue in a way that isn't helpful to anybody... but the quick answer is yes.

2) Anybody who works towards conceiving social issues in a way that does not discriminate against gender.

3) It has had nothing but positive effects on my outlook and re-evaluation of how I see social structures. I don't believe you can define feminism in a narrow enough way to isolate one issue for all women.

4) I don't really know - I know in my own department, student wise, its higher than men, but the fac-

ulty doesn't represent that distinction. There are probably a proportionately greater number of men teaching than women and I'm not aware enough of the various students' societies.



SHEREEF ELSHAFAEI

The quotes from both Matthew Adler and Shereef Elshafei, whose pictures were printed, did not appear in *Men on Feminism*.



MATTHEW ADLER

The pictures of Gino Ali and David Hammer did not appear in the article.

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Come and Go Talking of Michelangelo

LA BIENNALE DE L'ILLUSTRATION QUÉBÉCOISE

by Jennett Charlton

If you are like me and you don't find February and March the most inspiring months of the year, you might be ripe for a visit to an art exhibit. I suggest an exhibit in Old Montréal, titled *La Biennale de l'Illustration Québécoise*. This colourful show dazzles the eye with a collection of work done by Québécois illustration artists who are part of the Québec Association of Illustrators.

The show is a collection of 72 works including pieces used in advertising, animation, books and magazines. As colourful and lighthearted as the show might initially seem, there is more than meets the eye. While some of the pieces are brimming with pure aestheticism, parts of the show house a truly angst-filled vision of the world and its future.

The majority of the show is work done by regular members of the Québec Association of Illustrators, while a smaller portion is the work of the Association's honorary members such as Frederic Back or Vittorio. Back was involved in the Canadian film *L'homme qui*

Plantait les Arbres. In this show, animation stills from *Le Fleuve aux Grandes Eaux* are on display. Suzanne Duranceau, who is known for her work in association with *Smithsonian* magazine, display a piece entitled "The Trilogy of the Earth". It shows a triumvirate of earthly progress, beginning with the paradise of environmental harmony to the shattered peril of the world and its ecosystem, and ending with the hope for a future global renovation.

While the show consists of many works notable for their brilliant colours and design, many pieces portray a more significant message, one that exemplifies a millennialist crisis of the first order. Apart from its connection to the standard woes accompanying critiques of the post-industrial age

(the place of religion in society, the globalization of business



ILLUSTRATION BY DOMINIC PHILIBERT

and the deterioration of the world's ecosystem for example), this crisis is further haunted by the new spectre on the horizon: genetic engineering.

One piece on exhibit, *Bull* by honorary member JW Stewart, depicts a version of the animal which seems to be held together out of sheer willpower. The bull is a collage of such disparate parts it



ILLUSTRATION BY GENEVIEVE COTE

seems on the brink of a collapse. Tools, machinery, and other debris constitute the body of the bull. But it is all rather sinister: a screaming monkey, perhaps being tested or probed, glares out at the viewer, almost imploring "What am I doing here?"

Two pieces by Genevieve Côté candidly express this fear of the

genetic age. One piece entitled *Dolly - the clone*, shows a sheep's head perched atop a giant fingerprint. The detail of the print creates the illusion of the sheep's fur. Another of the pieces shows the figure of a woman which has been whittled down to a mere wire frame. In the centre of this frame a single strand of DNA curls upward unobtrusively, while all around fingerprints dot the landscape.

Not every piece in this exhibit is full of doom and gloom. Several pieces caught my eye for their sheer vivacity. For example, the *Emperor's Anger* by Suzanne Langlors is ravishing, while the works by Vittorio are entertaining in their audacious phallic imagery.

Yet I could not help but come away from the show with the feeling that its underlying message was one of distress. It was as if amidst all the colour and apparent gaiety a sense of moral crisis persisted. One piece by JW Stewart shows two kinds of strange beasts, a bird/dog and a bird/cat. The work is entitled *I Believe/I Understand*. Does the artist have faith in God, evolution, or both?

Sylvie Bourbonniere's piece will forever remain in my mind. She depicts the scene of paradise just before the Fall. But instead of Adam and Eve, two businessmen carrying briefcases stand on either side of the Tree of Knowledge, one receiving the apple from the serpent. At first glance one seems to be devilish, the other angelic, but upon closer inspection they are both mixed bags of virtue and sin. The 'good' man is indistinguishable from the 'bad' one. They stand atop the world, on the brink of deciding its fate. Like Adam and Eve they stand on the threshold of a new age. If this is not depressing enough, the words "Blah, Blah, Blah" emanate from their mouths. In the flavour of T.S. Eliot, these two businessmen who decide the fate of the world are not strong moral agents, but hollow tycoons. They are insubstantial, neither good nor evil. It makes you think of the women who "come and go, talking of Michelangelo."

La Biennale de l'illustration Québécoise is running until March 21st at the Marché Bonsecours, 350 St. Paul E, Old Montréal. For more information about the exhibition call Celine Mayrand at 522-2040.

arttfac)

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MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP AND GODS AND MONSTERS

by "?" Swamp

Yesterday, my beloved V. and I took fifth row seats for a screening of *Gods and Monsters*. I've been deathly ill lately. I was coughing and weeping like a maudlin automaton. As the theatre darkened, I noticed a shadow in front of me and a second voice which chimed with mine each time I choked on effluvia. The figure two rows ahead had the same shoulders I do, and her voice had a similar timbre...

If I told you that James Whale's *The Bride of Frankenstein*, as a symbolic film, is as artistically complex as *Metropolis* or *2001: A Space Odyssey*, would you believe me?

Mary Shelley wrote *Frankenstein*, but the *Frankenstein* we know today is really the child of a 1931 movie

made by British expatriate James Whale. Whale also made such films as *The Bride of Frankenstein*, *The Invisible Man* and *Show Boat*.

His movies pioneered the whole gamut of horror cinema: he introduced humour as a necessary counterpoint to horrific tension; he sketched the visual icon of the sympathetic monster (the design of which is now fodder for breakfast cereals); he invented the cinematic mad scientist.

Whale's 1935 *Bride of Frankenstein* contains one of the most complicated semiotic sequences I've ever seen. In it, Drs. Henry Frankenstein and Praetorius create a woman, usurping the godlike

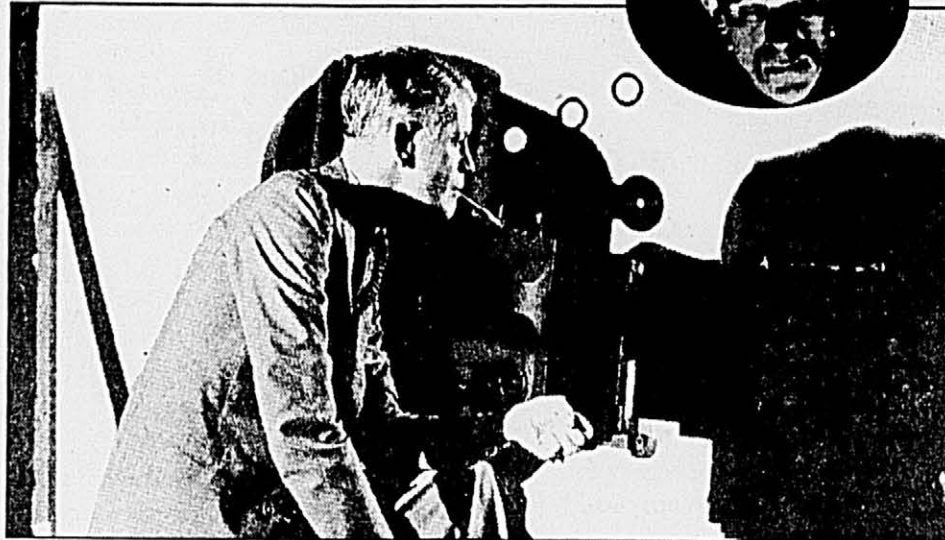
power traditionally belonging to women, and using more phallic and vaginal symbols than you can shake a stick at.

that James Whale was one of the many brazen homosexuals who worked

wood?

Gods and Monsters is a sketch of the last days of Whale's life. Crippled by a stroke, Whale befriends his gardener, Clayton, and asks to sketch him. A series of harsh, revelatory stories ensue, sandwiched between some subtle and hilarious flirtations.

Sir Ian McKellen, a veteran of the British stage and star of such strange and fascinating recent films as *Richard III*, portrays Whale with fantastic precision. His upper lip is steel yet he retains the playful sarcasm and prankish spunk of



JAMES WHALE, DREAMING OF BORIS.

Would it surprise you to know and thrived in classical Holly-

(continued on page 8)

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If your Feet should Bleed from all that pacing, will the Words wash away with the Blood?

Talking with Catherine Kidd

by Anna Alfredson

The alphabet was the first thing I got into simultaneous with its getting into me - years before I ever practiced birth control I practiced my ABC's. I practiced until I knew them like I know my own name, the same litany of letters again and again, never missing a beat, never losing my rhythm, never skipping a period. There were no periods to skip, the alphabet was free of those and I was only six, my words flowed fluidly on and on without those bloody punctuation marks, that heavy sentence marked on the calendar month after month.

— from ABC Copper T

ABC Copper T

CK: There's a section of that ABC piece where I'm talking about taking the Eucharist, which is the Anglican version of communion. It involves ingesting these things, which you've just been told, are body parts!

I couldn't do it, even at age six or whatever I was. I couldn't listen to this man standing up on a podium and telling me this was the body and blood of the son of God...and he wants me to put it in my mouth! I don't think so!

It's frightening. Maybe it's different when you get to be an adult. My mother didn't have as much of

a problem with it because the ritual was symbolic.

AA: She could understand it as symbolism whereas, when you're young, everything is at one level.

CK: The literal and the metaphorical are on the same plane. It's not like one is sort of ascendant, it's quite literal and your imagination just fills in the images.

In that piece I had the narrator believe that this would make her pregnant. I don't remember whether that's what I thought myself, but something along those lines. If you're taking this thing in, then that's taking some alien flesh and adding it to yours. And then it's supposed to somehow be absorbed and make something new, and that's pretty scary.

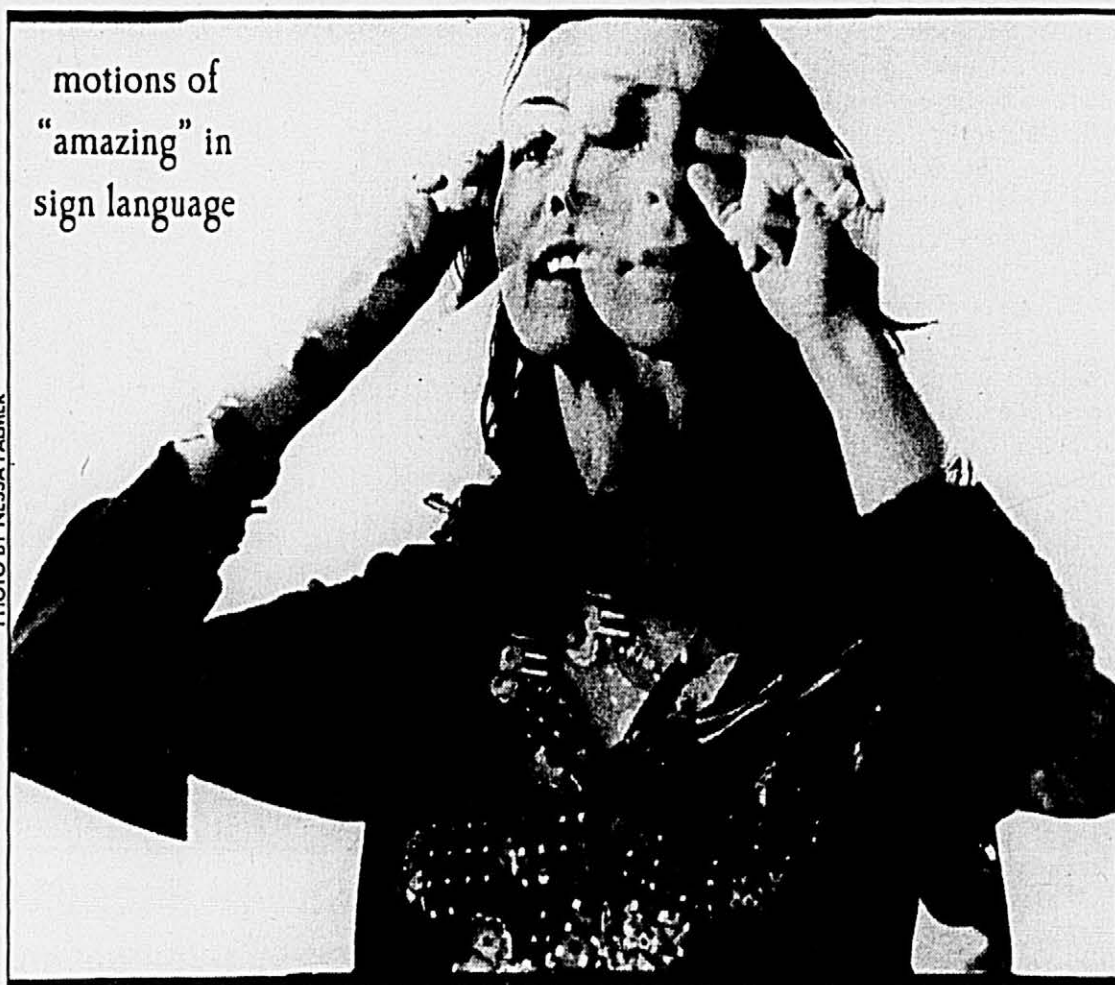
AA: Especially if you're six years old.

CK: Exactly! So I poured the grape juice in my shoe is what I did.

AA: I think it's great the way that kids do see the literal and the metaphorical on the same level because it's an eye opener to us—

motions of
"amazing" in
sign language

PHOTO BY NESSA PALMER



which is exactly what your piece does. It brings out all the crazy parallels and makes us step back and say 'what are we really doing here, what is the message that we've just learned to take as oath.'

CK: The message they manage to bleach and starch and make it palatable, but it's the image apart from the message that we need to pay attention to and think, 'what's in that?'

Kids think in images I'm sure, if I can remember nothing else about being a kid. And now, that's a resource, that's a way of seeing that is invaluable and I want to go back there as much as I can. I don't have a very good memory of my childhood, I certainly don't remember things in chronology, like whether something happened when I was twelve, eight, two or ten or whatever.

Objects remembered from childhood have a certain luminousness. [We can] unpack those in terms of messages, beliefs, the ethics of the adult, like why a certain toy or a certain something you saw your parents do struck you with so much force. Unpack

those as an adult and find out what the story is.

AA: It seems to me like re-examining yourself. We are told so much from day one. It's as you were saying about the body as text and writing on yourself—but you're not the only one that does the writing!

CK: Right.

AA: Everyone around you is trying to write upon you as well.

CK: It's like the subway going through and every time you stop somebody sprays something on there.

AA: The ultimate piece of graffiti is your body. At some point you have to step back and think 'what have I written, what has been written onto me, where does this leave me?'

CK: That's a very good point. The stuff that other people write on you—I don't know whether this is getting too esoteric, but I'm thinking of the particular—they get incorporated into your story as well, even if it's of an element that you're militated against.

So with the ABC piece, the one about the moose head [i.e. drawing of a uterus with an intrauterine device in place] and the idea

that this writing incentive has completely corrupted or eclipsed whatever maternal instincts might have alternatively developed [for the narrator], that's very true. For better or for worse, that's very true.

So the first [form of] birth control that sparked my interest was this little T, this little copper T. I liked the idea that the reason it worked was that it occupied the space so that nothing else could live there.

AA: It blocks everything out.

CK: Yeah, this is here, so that something else can't exist here. It was only later that I started to make the connection that, wait a minute, it's a little letter of the alphabet... as well as being something that resembled a little crucifix. From there, the way memory clusters around images, this little T, this little plastic and copper letter, started to connect up my associations with religious background and started to connect up with identity through figuring it in letters, in words.

Hmmm. I wonder where the rest of the alphabet is, I should write a piece about that. If I've got this copper T living down

"I think of some of the stories that my own parents would have written on me and those structures are very much in place in my writing. They're almost like the house that it all happens in, even if the world of the narrator is [about seeing] if she can scrape the paint away from the wall and find a palimpsest (I love that, the idea of a text under a text) or poke a hole in the wall to see if she can see out."

there, I wonder where the rest of them are.

AA: The alphabet is not natural, as used to it as we are. It's not supposed to be there.

CK: It's the whole idea of language being both enabling and limiting at the same time; what would we do without it. All of our experiences somebody learned how to hang on those structures, fit them into those structures.

I don't remember what it was like when I was first learning the alphabet and attaching it to things that I saw. When I started to learn how to write the Hindi alphabet, [I got] to see the process again. First you make these little squiggles on a page and they look like little squiggles on a page. And then the squiggles become connected to sounds—not yet to objects—but to sounds. Then that reflex becomes more automatic. An alphabet becomes basically transparent.

AA: It's like the house you live in; you don't notice it, you just walk from room to room with out thinking about it.

CK: It is like the house you live in. That's brilliant, that's a very good image for it. So then it's a matter of paying attention I guess.

Bestial Rooms

CK: In the novel that I'm writing now, called *Bestial Rooms*, I made the choice to have the narrator have a child to whom the whole book is addressed. She has this baby who, it's starting to become apparent, can't hear anything at all. And so, the narrator—who has this really lousy memory—is trying to get everything down in words that she can remember before that memory goes in the hopes that her daughter will someday be able to read it if she can't hear it.

So it's trying to pass on this very tenuous story of the past, that's full of holes anyway.

AA: Which is what we do; open a history book, any book.

CK: In some ways, it should be creative. Creativity the mortar that makes the story make sense in some way.

So I've got this narrator who's supposed to have a child. Talk about cultural appropriation, that's the last thing I'd want to presume or fake! So when I went to Vancouver I was sitting on the sofa with my hand on my belly, sipping tea and reading baby books. There had been a previous book where I was writing about an experience in India and

I gave up that project because eventually I just felt presumptuous in the undertaking and thought 'okay, I'll leave it, I'll leave it for now, until I know why I'm doing it.' But then with this book, I thought I was safe, I was setting it in Vancouver which was all very familiar, and then for some reason, my obsession with babies, or with not having babies, sort of took over and I made this choice. And I think it's the single most challenging thing about writing *Bestial Rooms*.

There are so many writers who compare the birth process to writing: the lengthy gestation, the pushing the thing out, the excruciating and the ecstatic both at once. But I know very few people who have actually born a child who have compared it to writing a sonnet. I really don't want to presume anything. And I know unless I actually have a kid it's all speculation. But I'm interested in exploring what are the similarities and what are the differences between carrying around this book, this evil twin, this...whatever it is, baby elephant—who gestate for a year and a half, and are large and having a child.

I guess it makes sense that the mother in *Bestial Rooms*, the narrator, is a writer. She impulsively loves this child and also feels very intimidated with the idea that she could really know what the hell she's talking about, what the hell she's trying to do. Like writing a book.

AA: It's a pretty good parallel because a lot of parents don't know, there is no one book to follow. You just do it and you figure out what's right along the way and you make a lot of mistakes.

CK: And like writing, [there is] the whole question of the identity of the mother or writer and how, on one hand it's so tied up with this other entity, the book or the child. There has to be a point when you let it go. And you say that thing, that person, is (a piece of writing is its own dog is the way I usually describe it), which...baby dog? But, after a while, it isn't about all the bits of content all the bits of information and teaching that you're trying to inject into this entity. It's much more about how it pushed back, how it's taken on its own form and that you have to know when to let it go.

It's almost at that point with *Bestial Rooms*. It's almost more about me listening to it. It's pushing at me more than I'm pushing

at it at this point. I feel a kick, I feel a pulse.

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CK: That's a very good point. You've mentioned parents making mistakes, I think that's probably one that happens a lot—a sort of resentment that the thing, the entity you've created has just walked off with half your identity.

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I think that's maybe where the title *Bestial Rooms* even came from: the idea that there's this structure—that's the rooms part. I guess it's an identity metaphor maybe, or a memory metaphor. The idea that there's this architectural structure that is a more deliberate thing: maybe you got it from your parents or your church or your school. The bestial part are the animals that crawl around inside that structure: the memories of the child, the much more physical, tangible parts of experience and how well those structures accommodate those animals. Often not well, look at our zoos, look at the kind of things that we build to house animals. They don't even act like themselves in there. And so I guess I'm drawing parallels between that and the idea of these zoos and the way the experience of the child is changed and silenced and made unnatural by whatever structures we build to try to contain it.

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The labour is done, just as soon as the contractions and convulsions of the tongue stop, here.

— from ABC Copper T

If your Feet should Bleed from all that pacing, will the Words wash away with the Blood?

Talking with Catherine Kidd

by Anna Alfredson

The alphabet was the first thing I got into simultaneous with its getting into me - years before I ever practiced birth control I practiced my ABC's. I practiced until I knew them like I know my own name, the same litany of letters again and again, never missing a beat, never losing my rhythm, never skipping a period. There were no periods to skip, the alphabet was free of those and I was only six, my words flowed fluidly on and on without those bloody punctuation marks, that heavy sentence marked on the calendar month after month.

— from ABC Copper T

ABC Copper T

CK: There's a section of that ABC piece where I'm talking about taking the Eucharist, which is the Anglican version of communion. It involves ingesting these things, which you've just been told, are body parts!

I couldn't do it, even at age six or whatever I was. I couldn't listen to this man standing up on a podium and telling me this was the body and blood of the son of God...and he wants me to put it in my mouth! I don't think so!

It's frightening. Maybe it's different when you get to be an adult. My mother didn't have as much of

a problem with it because the ritual was symbolic.

AA: She could understand it as symbolism whereas, when you're young, everything is at one level.

CK: The literal and the metaphorical are on the same plane. It's not like one is sort of ascendant, it's quite literal and your imagination just fills in the images.

In that piece I had the narrator believe that this would make her pregnant. I don't remember whether that's what I thought myself, but something along those lines. If you're taking this thing in, then that's taking some alien flesh and adding it to yours. And then it's supposed to somehow be absorbed and make something new, and that's pretty scary.

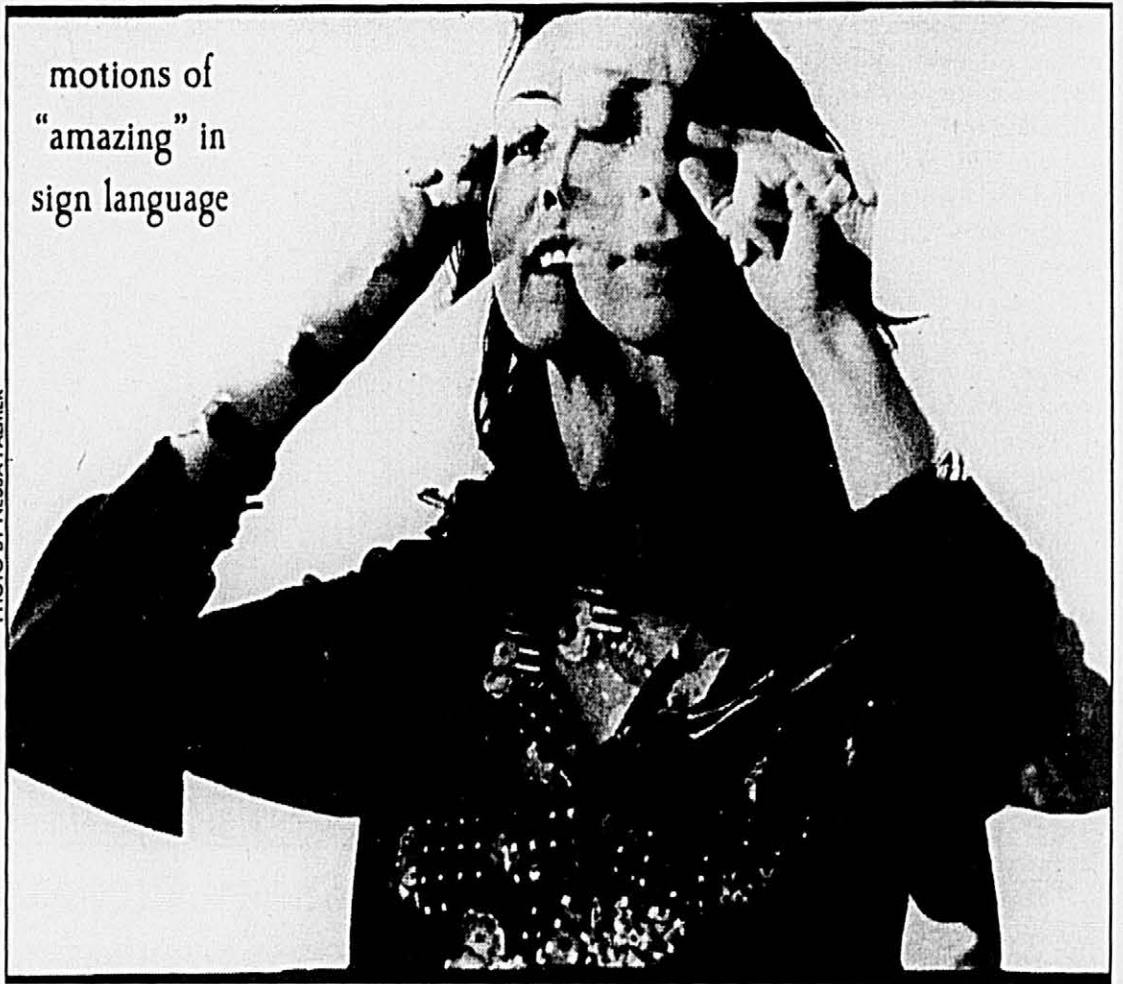
AA: Especially if you're six years old.

CK: Exactly! So I poured the grape juice in my shoe is what I did.

AA: I think it's great the way that kids do see the literal and the metaphorical on the same level because it's an eye opener to us—

motions of
"amazing" in
sign language

PHOTO BY NESSA PALMER



which is exactly what your piece does. It brings out all the crazy parallels and makes us step back and say 'what are we really doing here, what is the message that we've just learned to take as oath.'

CK: The message they manage to bleach and starch and make it palatable, but it's the image apart from the message that we need to pay attention to and think, 'what's in that?'

Kids think in images I'm sure, if I can remember nothing else about being a kid. And now, that's a resource, that's a way of seeing that is invaluable and I want to go back there as much as I can. I don't have a very good memory of my childhood, I certainly don't remember things in chronology, like whether something happened when I was twelve, eight, two or ten or whatever.

Objects remembered from childhood have a certain luminousness. [We can] unpack those in terms of messages, beliefs, the ethics of the adult, like why a certain toy or a certain something you saw your parents do struck you with so much force. Unpack

those as an adult and find out what the story is.

AA: It seems to me like re-examining yourself. We are told so much from day one. It's as you were saying about the body as text and writing on yourself—but you're not the only one that does the writing!

CK: Right.

AA: Everyone around you is trying to write upon you as well.

CK: It's like the subway going through and every time you stop somebody sprays something on there.

AA: The ultimate piece of graffiti is your body. At some point you have to step back and think 'what have I written, what has been written onto me, where does this leave me?'

CK: That's a very good point. The stuff that other people write on you—I don't know whether this is getting too esoteric, but I'm thinking of the particular—they get incorporated into your story as well, even if it's of an element that you're militated against.

So with the ABC piece, the one about the moose head [i.e. drawing of a uterus with an intrauterine device in place] and the idea

that this writing incentive has completely corrupted or eclipsed whatever maternal instincts might have alternatively developed [for the narrator], that's very true. For better or for worse, that's very true.

So the first [form of] birth control that sparked my interest was this little T, this little copper T. I liked the idea that the reason it worked was that it occupied the space so that nothing else could live there.

AA: It blocks everything out.

CK: Yeah, this is here, so that something else can't exist here. It was only later that I started to make the connection that, wait a minute, it's a little letter of the alphabet... as well as being something that resembled a little crucifix. From there, the way memory clusters around images, this little T, this little plastic and copper letter, started to connect up my associations with religious background and started to connect up with identity through figuring it in letters, in words.

Hmmm. I wonder where the rest of the alphabet is, I should write a piece about that. If I've got this copper T living down

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there, I wonder where the rest of them are.

AA: The alphabet is not natural, as used to it as we are. It's not supposed to be there.

CK: It's the whole idea of language being both enabling and limiting at the same time; what would we do without it. All of our experiences somebody learned how to hang on those structures, fit them into those structures.

I don't remember what it was like when I was first learning the alphabet and attaching it to things that I saw. When I started to learn how to write the Hindi alphabet, [I got] to see the process again. First you make these little squiggles on a page and they look like little squiggles on a page. And then the squiggles become connected to sounds—not yet to objects—but to sounds. Then that reflex becomes more automatic. An alphabet becomes basically transparent.

AA: It's like the house you live in; you don't notice it, you just walk from room to room without thinking about it.

CK: It is like the house you live in. That's brilliant, that's a very good image for it. So then it's a matter of paying attention I guess.

Bestial Rooms

CK: In the novel that I'm writing now, called *Bestial Rooms*, I made the choice to have the narrator have a child to whom the whole book is addressed. She has this baby who, it's starting to become apparent, can't hear anything at all. And so, the narrator—who has this really lousy memory—is trying to get everything down in words that she can remember before that memory goes in the hopes that her daughter will someday be able to read it if she can't hear it.

So it's trying to pass on this very tenuous story of the past, that's full of holes anyway.

AA: Which is what we do; open a history book, any book.

CK: In some ways, it should be creative. Creativity the mortar that makes the story make sense in some way.

So I've got this narrator who's supposed to have a child. Talk about cultural appropriation, that's the last thing I'd want to presume or fake! So when I went to Vancouver I was sitting on the sofa with my hand on my belly, sipping tea and reading baby books. There had been a previous book where I was writing about an experience in India and

I gave up that project because eventually I just felt presumptuous in the undertaking and thought 'okay, I'll leave it, I'll leave it for now, until I know why I'm doing it.' But then with this book, I thought I was safe, I was setting it in Vancouver which was all very familiar, and then for some reason, my obsession with babies, or with not having babies, sort of took over and I made this choice. And I think it's the single most challenging thing about writing *Bestial Rooms*.

There are so many writers who compare the birth process to writing: the lengthy gestation, the pushing the thing out, the excruciating and the ecstatic both at once. But I know very few people who have actually born a child who have compared it to writing a sonnet. I really don't want to presume anything. And I know unless I actually have a kid it's all speculation. But I'm interested in exploring what are the similarities and what are the differences between carrying around this book, this evil twin, this...whatever it is, baby elephant-who gestate for a year and a half, and are large-and having a child.

I guess it makes sense that the mother in *Bestial Rooms*, the narrator, is a writer. She impulsively loves this child and also feels very intimidated with the idea that she could really know what the hell she's talking about, what the hell she's trying to do. Like writing a book.

AA: It's a pretty good parallel because a lot of parents don't know, there is no one book to follow. You just do it and you figure out what's right along the way and you make a lot of mistakes.

CK: And like writing, [there is] the whole question of the identity of the mother or writer and how, on one hand it's so tied up with this other entity, the book or the child. There has to be a point when you let it go. And you say that thing, that person, is (a piece of writing is its own dog is the way I usually describe it), which...baby dog? But, after a while, it isn't about all the bits of content all the bits of information and teaching that you're trying to inject into this entity. It's much more about how it pushed back, how it's taken on its own form and that you have to know when to let it go.

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Cats and Mice

ANTHONY SHAFFER'S SLEUTH...

by Nora Spade

The most exciting thing about playing games of Cat and Mouse when I was young was the moment when I, the Mouse, got caught.

In a drastic turn of events, I became the powerful one. In a brief giddy second, I went from hunted to hunter and was suddenly able to inspire fear in my

pursuit of the other players. The rush of adrenaline that accompanied that pause and then the sudden stop-turn-go kept the game alive for years.

Anthony Shaffer's play *Sleuth*, currently playing at the Saidye Bronfman Centre, captivates its audience with the same type of plot reversals as the game of Cat and Mouse. Set in an English country manor, *Sleuth* matches the wits of its characters against each other. It starts out as a simple meeting of the two main characters who must decide who will gain custody of their mutual marital interest. Andrew Wyke, played by David Francis, wants to rid himself of her to the point of devising a plan to ensure that Milo Bloom, played by Paul Essiembre, is able to permanently support her in the manner to

which she is accustomed. Of course, all is not what it seems and soon various plots are flying about, leaving the audience wondering who ultimately will triumph as Cat, and who will perish as

Francis could have taken his role a bit further in both volume and flamboyance.

The set, designed by John Craig Dinning, is large and has many interesting details which



Mouse.

Written in 1970, the play manages to be witty and satirical of the mystery genre (the opening scene shows Andrew pompously reciting from his latest mystery opus) without being antiquated. The attitudes towards women displayed by the main characters, while not flattering, serve less to offend than they do to highlight the nastiness these men display while engaged in their games. The play succeeds in elucidating the coldness and cruelty that is hidden just under the skin of those who place more importance in their diversions than on the humanity of those around them.

Essiembre in particular does a fine job of making the emotional transitions that are necessary to keep up with the numerous plots.

are well suited to the small size of the theatre. The main architectural problem was a pillar stuck in the middle of the stage, which may have impeded the view of those sitting far over on the side. The lighting and music were appropriately atmospheric until the very end of the play, when booming gothic rock echoed throughout the theatre. This may have been an attempt to match the play's dark ending, but it was jarring and evidently manipulative. These few criticisms aside, the play is a classic and this production is worth seeing.

Sleuth runs until March 21st. Tickets are available through the box office at 739-7944, and same-day half-price seats are available for students.

Scene Locally

AN INTERVIEW WITH BRENDA

by Tyler Hargreaves



PHOTO BY CELINE HEINBECKER

Name: Brenda

Occupation: Security at

McLennan Library

Topic: Astrology

signs relate to people's compatibility?

Daily: What is your sign?

Brenda: Aries.

D: Do you read your horoscope?

B: Periodically.

D: Why do you read it?

B: Curiosity.

D: Do you think that horoscopes are accurate?

B: Depending on the day and how you interpret them, yes.

D: Have you ever had an accurate one?

B: I would imagine but I can't remember.

D: Do you think astrological

B: I think that it is a matter of maturity. Certain people you get along with better than others but it depends. As you grow older you mature and you adapt better to people. So I don't know if signs have anything to do with it or not. Urgent trends in society seem to show an increase in people turning to alternative therapies and spiritual practices such as horoscopes.

D: Why are people turning away from traditional sources?

B: Because they are tired of medicine, the pills and the hype. It is cheaper and they are looking for a more healthy way to live.

D: Do you think that they would be better off with the traditional sources?

B: They need both.

Flicks from the Swamp (cont'd)

(continued from page 5)

an imp on lithium. He contrasts with Brendan Fraser, who like the burly Clayton, is the most flaming heterosexual in post war America, with all the nervous laughter that implies. Like any good two-character drama, the movie uses a third character (Lynn Redgrave in a fantastic rendering of a traditional German housekeeper), to give it dimension. Both McKellen and Redgrave are nominated for Oscars for their performances.

Would you believe me if I told you that the Oscars got it right?

It's no secret that horror stories thrive on doublings. Usually, one double is trying to kill, usurp or supplant the other. *Gods and Monsters* uses the trope of the

double to construct the visual theme, but not murderously. In this sense it is a fantastically informed work. The film maker and gardener are twin sides of a coin. Each is variously equated with Frankenstein and his Monster, giving the inevitable allusions more ambiguity and intellectual meat.

The small, frail McKellen and gawky Fraser reminisce ghastly Praetorius and buffonish Boris Karloff in *Bride*. This ambiguous set of equivalencies somehow conflate harmoniously. Though starkly humane and realist in the dramatic dialogue, vocal patterns and gestures, there is also an inevitable limb of this movie which is a complex and finicky pastiche of the gothic.

As in a gothic fiction, the thrust of the piece is the righting of past sins which must occur before a major epoch in the life-cycle can proceed. Whale's childhood in London slums and horrific experiences during World War I plague his last days in August, 1957, and it is only successive to their purgation that he can commit suicide in glad conscience, content that he'd lived a happy life. To this process, Fraser is a surrogate confessor and sometime psychoanalyst.

But this is not a flashback movie. The monograph is depicted through editing, narration and spoken memory - through cinematic magic, not manipulation. In the end, this is an exploration of a relationship,

not a man. It is the link between Whale and the gardener which interests us much more than either man.

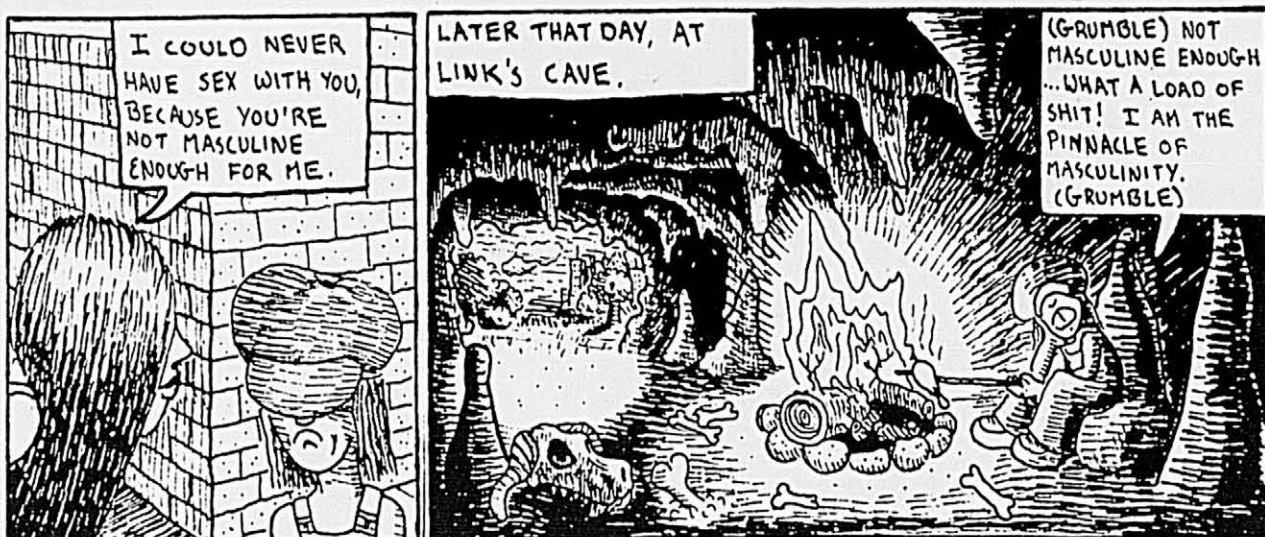
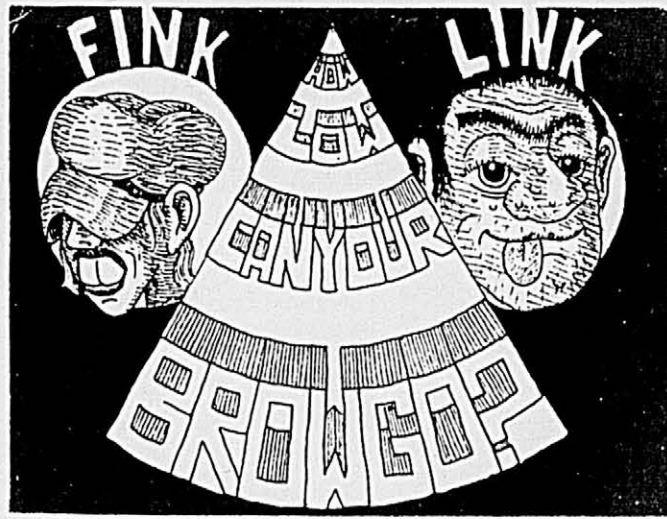
This link is complicated by its equation with the teratological images. To be monstrous is to be an ambiguous combination of things which ought not go together according to the laws of the dominant ideology - like a friendship between a homosexual man and a heterosexual man. As in the best gothic fiction, like Mary Shelley's novel and James Whale's films, the point of *Gods and Monsters* isn't really to look at the bipolar continuum to divine where one man stops and the other begins. The point is to ask questions about the very existence of that con-

tinuum. In this way, a gothic fiction can challenge assumptions, subvert ideology and chisel at the manacles of insidious common sense.

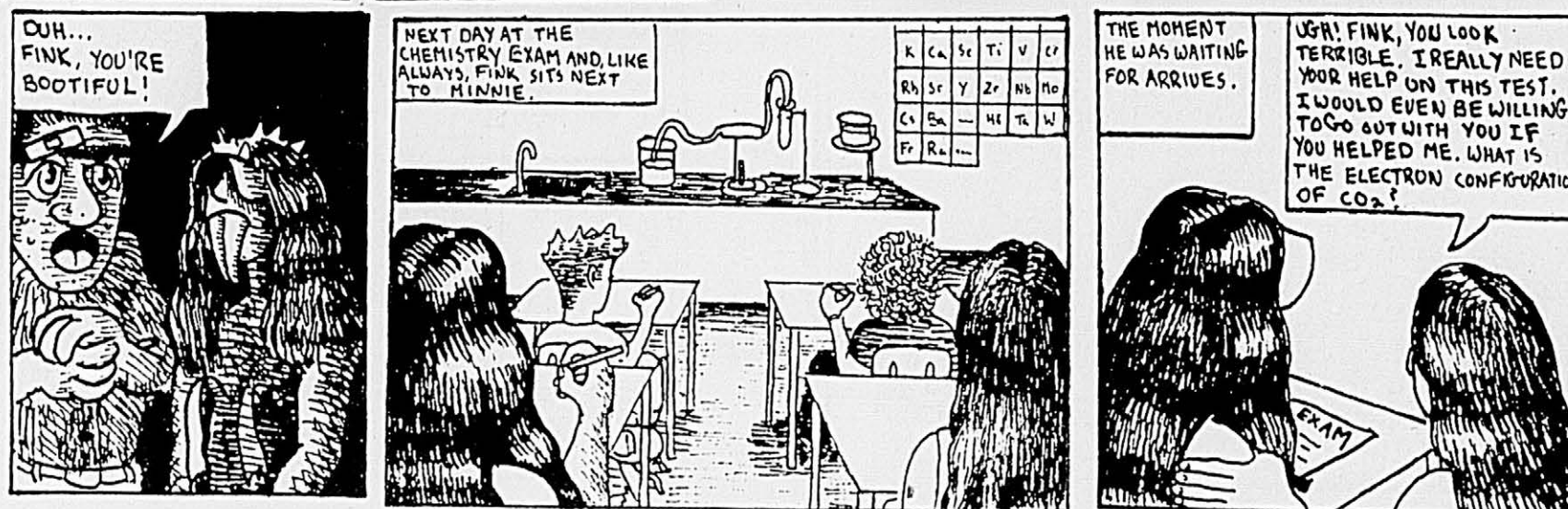
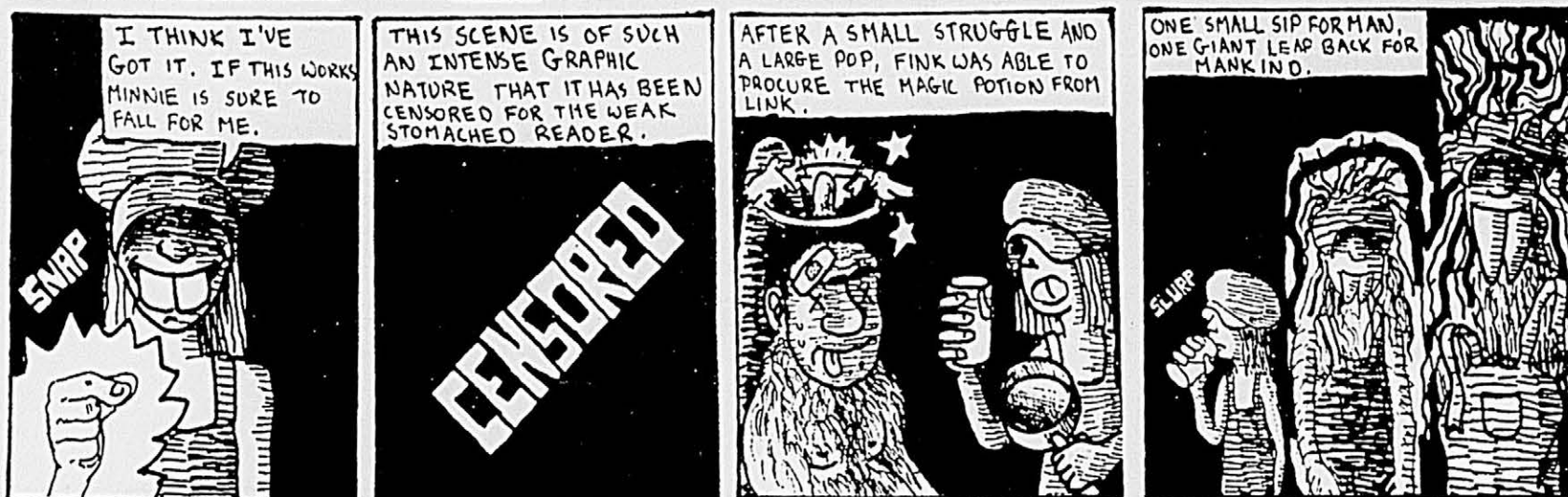
What about the girl in the row ahead of me?

When the lights came up, she had mysteriously disappeared. But ever since, I keep reckoning I see her in my peripheral vision - getting on a bus, leaning against a lamp, darkening a doorway - coughing as I do and snorting profusely. So I pack a nine these days, 'cause I know how these things always end up, and my beloved V. ain't always around to protect me.

Gods and Monsters is playing at the Eaton Centre.



(to be continued on page 10)



THE END

DRE '99

THE MORAL OF THE STORY:
IF YOU LOOK FOR YOUR MORALS HERE
YOU ARE IMMORAL!

by Andreas Blachere

daily classifieds

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VOLUNTEERS

Volunteers needed for Parenthèse, a playgroup for immigrant Moms & Tots. Tues. or Thurs. 1:00 - 4:00 p.m. at CLSC Metor Guy. Info: Cyndy 934-0354 Ext. 354

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EVENTS

Thursday, March 11

Democracy Street Activists, Garth Mullins and Alissa Westergard-Thorpe will be speaking out about APEC, and the RCMP public complaints commission and Globalization. McGill University, Leacock Building rm. 26 at 6:00 p.m. For more info. contact CFS-Quebec 931-2377.

Benefit cabaret for *The Waiting Room*. (The Waiting Room is an independent play written, directed and produced by a Concordia student.) Performing artists include: Allison Leyton-Brown, Pigeonhole, Athena Reich, Scott 'Bucketboy' Russell. Le Cirque, 141 Mt-Royal E., 844-2221. Cost: \$5.

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY CABARET. The Concordia Women's Centre and the McGill Women's union are proud to present an International Women's Day Cabaret. The cabaret is a celebration of International Women's Day and the \$3.00 cover charge will benefit Stella, an organization that provides support for sex

workers in Montreal. Jailhouse, 30 Mt.-Royal W. 9:00 p.m. Info: 848-7431.

Coyote Speaks. The Native Students Association of McGill again invites you to another *Talking Circle*. As part of our tri-weekly discussion group series, we will be exploring the topic of "Native Voices: Native writings not signed with an X." Come and join us for this exploration of Native Literature. Feel free to share an excerpt of the work of your favourite Native author. 2:30-4:00 p.m. Student Union Building rm. #435. Refreshments.

"O'Flaherty, V.C." A reading of G. Bernard Shaw's humorous one act play about Ireland, war and life's paradoxes in its Montreal premier 84 years later! Starring top local actors and semi-celebrities. 7:30 p.m. @ McGill Bookstore (3420 MacTavish). Free! (Voluntary Donations to Breast Cancer Action). Refreshments. Plays March 11, 15 & 16.

Poetry @ Lunch. NEW DATE. George Elliott Clarke, will read

in the Lande Reading Room, 4th floor, McLennan Library, McGill University. 12:15 p.m. All are welcome. Admission is free. Info: 398-1565 or 398-4711.

In observance of International Day Against Police Brutality (March 15) QPIRG at McGill will host "Bad Cop. No Doughnut," an educational forum gathering academics, activists, students, and writers raising awareness about the increasing police repression of youth and people of colour. McGill University, Leacock building rm. 321. 7:30 p.m. Contact Lorraine Leblanc 3 9 8 - 7 4 3 2 , qpirg@ssmu.mcgill.ca.

Friday, March 12

The Muslim Students' Association of McGill University invites women to a movie night about "The Rights and Roles of Women in Islam" a taped discussion between Amina Assilmi, former president of the International Union of Muslim Women and Deborah Scroggins, an American journalist. Panel discussion to fol-

low the movie showing. Samuel Bronfman Building, 1001 Sherbrooke, Room 402 @ 4:00 p.m. Cost: \$2:00. Fair trade coffee and popcorn will be available! Please contact simam@po-box.mcgill.ca or (450) 676-6327 for more information. To men who are interested in learning more about this topic: we are honoured and welcome your interest. Please contact the coordinators above so that we can arrange a mutually convenient separate time to meet.

LATIN-AMERICAN SPEAKER SERIES cordially invites you to attend a talk by Arnold August who will speak on "Democracy in Cuba and the 1997-98 Elections." Arts Council Room (ARTS 160) @ 12:00-1:30 p.m.

AVALON. A fashion show to benefit The Cancer Research Society will be presented by students from McGill and Concordia universities at Club Studio (2019 Boul. St. Laurent). Tickets are \$10.00 in advance and \$15.00 at the door and include the after event party. The fashion show starts at

10:00 p.m. and ends at 12:00 a.m. after which the party will begin. For more information contact the Society at 861-9227, ext. 28.

Department of History presents: Prof. Bonnie MacLachlan Department of Classical Studies of the University of Western Ontario, who will speak on "A Living Memorial: Individual and Collective Identity in Greek Poetry." Leacock 808 @ 4:00 p.m.

Monday, March 15

"How to Make Soy Milk" 2pm at Frigo Vert (2130 Mackay) The secret to making yummy and cheap soy milk from scratch will be revealed for all to taste.

Tuesday, March 16

"Story of the Seed" 6:30 pm at 2030 Mackay Let's educate ourselves on the various stages of the life of our humble seed starting from the advent of farming to industrial agriculture to the Green Revolution and, of course, to today's biotechnology.



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